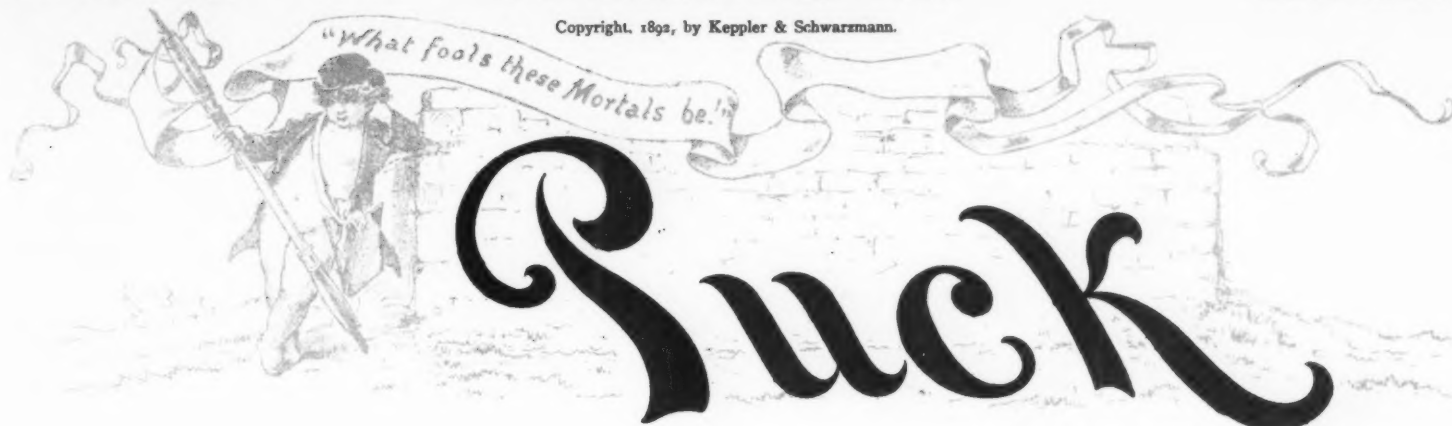


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"SHOOING 'EM IN."



PUCK,  
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Editor - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, June 1st, 1892. — No. 795.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IT MAY seem strange to liken an experienced, subtle and profound personage to a young, innocent and ignorant bit of humanity — yet, somehow, the Honorable Mr. James G. Blaine frequently suggests to us the figure of the famous little boy in the home-made breeches, of whom it was said that you never could tell whether he was going to school or coming home. We know, to a moral — and we may add, a medical — certainty that Mr. Blaine is not going to be a candidate for the presidency this year. This question has been thoroughly, thoughtfully and impartially discussed in this column, and we think our readers will bear us out in saying that the conclusion we arrived at was one from which no one could logically dissent. But, as we hinted at the time, the conclusion then arrived at, being a conclusion concerning Mr. Blaine, was worth no more than its face value as a mighty good, sound, logical conclusion, *plus* or *minus* Mr. James G. Blaine, and we positively refused to give it any further guarantee. We do not know all about Mr. James G. Blaine; but we have followed his career with deep interest for more than a score of years, and we know enough about him to know what we don't know about him; and this is a very creditable achievement, as reference to the files of any political journal for the last quarter of a century will readily prove.

That Mr. Blaine is in no condition to run for the presidency, physically: that he has, of late years, gained a dignity and consideration which would be seriously imperiled in any contest such as might lay him open to personal attack: that he has, in the past, hopelessly committed himself to the chances of warfare by personalities, and can hardly hope, in the future, to avoid similar complications: that he has given the people and his political rivals ample warrant to look upon him as one withdrawn from the lists — all these things are known to all men. In the case of any other man, they would make candidacy impossible. Perhaps they make Mr. Blaine's candidacy impossible, but the difference between Mr. Blaine and any other man is this: that whereas, these facts being known, the other man would be as dead, as unimportant, as unnoticed as an Alliance agitator on Murray Hill, Mr. Blaine is able to retain a cataleptic appearance of vitality until the very moment when the Chairman of the Republican Convention announces the nomination of somebody else — always supposing that somebody else is to be nominated. (*Casual query in passing:* What would n't Mr. D. B. Hill give for a magnetic vitality like that?)

The Blaine bloom never dies. Sometimes it sleeps; sometimes it goes into a trance, and occasionally it puts on an appearance of petrification. But when it comes to be needed for actual business purposes, Mr. Blaine can always lend it, from his affluent personality, enough life or show of life to make it serve his momentary end — whether that be to dicker for office or patronage; to frighten a rival and bring him to terms, or to scare some dangerous new comer out of the field in order to assure the success of a friendly "deal" with a political ally. And so it comes to pass, as of old, that the gates of the Republican arena are no sooner open than the notes of the Blaine battle-horn fall resonant upon the air — whether his own full-chested tone inspire the instrument, or whether punier lungs provoke it to an aggressive squeal. The warriors are gathered; they are buckling on their armor; the champion stands forth, all but chosen, ready to grasp the honor for which he has fought so hard during four long years — which now seems almost within his grasp. *Ta-ra-ra, ta-ra-ra, ta-ra-ra-rum!* What is that? The chargers prick up their ears. The warriors pause in the girding on of their armor. Stern faces blanch. For, lo! afar off, rises a cloud of dust, and through it they see the advanced guards of the frenzied hosts of Blaine, dragging their idolized warrior along, this time, alas! in an invalid's chair, instead of the triumphal chariot of old. But always Blaine — the same old Blaine — the mighty, the mysterious, the ingenious, the elusive, the magnetic Blaine, with whom every rival must reckon, and either bend the knee or give up his sword.

Under these circumstances it is not wonderful that the last week before Convention is an anxious time for even the most favored of the favorite sons of the Republican Party, so long as Mr. Blaine's hand retains the strength and cunning to write for itself the announcement that Mr. Blaine's name will not be presented to the Convention under any circumstances.

The recent report of Superintendent Byrnes of the New York Police deserves especial consideration in view of the recent invasion of his field by volunteer enthusiasts. The report does not deal with the general subject of the prevention and suppression of crime, in which the police of New York are notably efficient, but with "the enforcement of the law with especial reference to gambling houses, policy shops, houses of prostitution and assignation and other disreputable places," and illegal liquor-selling.

The suppression of public gambling presents no peculiar difficulty. As at present conducted, the various forms of "disreputable places" are under control or known to the police, and their temporary shutting up would probably not be an impossibility. Yet in reference to them the Superintendent says that "it is a grave question in my mind, and one which deserves the serious consideration of the general public and future legislators, whether good results are obtained by the closing up of such houses and the scattering of the inmates. They must necessarily seek shelter in tenement and apartment houses, mingling with respectable people, and \* \* \* making children of tender years familiar to a certain extent with a vice of which they would not, under other circumstances obtain a knowledge." And he suggests the restriction of such houses to certain well-defined quarters in the city, under police supervision. In the matter of illegal liquor selling, he claims that the efforts of the police are hampered by the too great leniency of the magistrates, and by a belief entertained by the mass of the people that this particular statute interferes with their rights and privileges.

Whatever the conclusions of the individual as to the opinions and recommendations of New York's Chief of Police, it must be obvious that there are radical defects in the laws for the suppression of vice and the regulation of the liquor traffic; and that the remedy for them lies not with the citizens of the City, who alone are affected by their inadequacy, but with a horde of up-country legislators totally irresponsible, so far as the City of New York is concerned, for the results of their legislation, and unable, through their different environment and lack of familiarity with these evils, properly to determine the means best adapted to their cure.

Until New York City can secure to herself the right to pass laws for her own government, suited to the peculiar conditions under which she labors, she will be the plaything of rural experimentalists and the prey of all who can bring the needful pressure to bear upon them. When the good time comes that New Yorkers can govern New York, we shall find our best citizens studying the best means of securing the enforcement of their decrees, and we shall hear no more futile complaints from the police that the punishment does not fit the crime. The time has gone by when the City of New York can be governed by telephone from Albany.



WEAK.

LEDYARD. — How does Owens stand with your house?

JOLONEL. — He does n't stand at all. We've been carrying him for the last three years.



# EN VOYAGE.



IN THE shadows coldly flitting,  
Solemn as the tomb,  
Charon in his boat was sitting  
Wrapt in ashen gloom.

Through the gray shades softly groping  
Round the shore he steered;  
For a pilgrim fondly hoping,  
In the mist he peered.

Soon, a youth both tall and stately  
Did the oarsman greet;  
Said he was at Harvard lately,  
As he took a seat.

Charon saw him sigh and shiver  
On those murky shores,  
While he pushed out in the river  
And resumed his oars.

In the silence all unbroken,  
Desolate, supreme,  
Not a syllable was spoken —  
All was like a dream.

Through the leagues of gray unending  
Still the pilgrim lone  
At the oars watched Charon bending  
For the great unknown.

Charon, bending backward, forward,  
Onward urged his bark,  
And was moving surely shoreward  
O'er the current dark.

Then the pilgrim, wan and weary,  
Broke the mystic spell,  
When his accents, faint and dreary,  
On the waters fell.

And to-day 't is not known whether  
Charon made reply,  
When the student said: "You feather  
Just a bit too high!"

R. K. Munkittrick.

## A THIEVING STORM.

"This is highway robbery," said Morrison Essex, as the heavy rains washed the road away from in front of his place.

## HOLDING BACK.

WITHERBY.—There's a button almost off your coat, old man. You ought to call your wife's attention to it.

VON BLUMER (*sadly*).—I'm going to, as soon as I can save up enough money to get her a new gown.



## PERILS OF THE HUNT ON LONG ISLAND.

"It was ververy annoying," said the Fox Hunter. "The dogs, as we got well along, caught scent of Huntah's Point; and, weally, our whole party, before we knew it, had wun down a beastly soap factowy. I had Lord Fitzboodle, of England, with us, and it was terribly mortifying."

## CAUSE FOR CONDOLENCE.

MRS. PLAINFIELD (*proudly*).—And who would have thought that I should ever be the mother of a poet?

HER NEIGHBOR (*misunderstanding*).—Oh, well, I would n't worry about that! He 'll have better sense when he gets a little older.

THE BEST BUSINESS COLLEGE — The School of Experience.

NO MATTER what foolish things you try to do, people won't laugh at you if you succeed.

MATCHES ARE made in heaven, but alliances are contracted in Europe.

THE "EUROPEAN PLAN," reduced to practice, is the scheme of ordering what you want and taking what the waiter brings.



## FISH!

MRS. NEWLIWED.—What are these?

FISHWOMAN.—Them is Spanish mackerel.

MRS. NEWLIWED.—I'll take three pounds of them. My husband is very fond of anything imported.

# The Runaway Browns.

## A Story of Small Stories

By H.C. Bunner.

(Began in PUCK, No. 791, May 4th, 1892.)

### CHAPTER VIII.

IT DID NOT keep Mrs. Wilks warm, but it made her talkative and tearful; and, whereas she had hitherto been the most composed and cheerful of the party, she now showed a disposition to accept even the kindest attempts at consolation in a spirit of bitter resentment. Moreover, it took her mind back to the golden days of her youth, when she had reveled in luxury and had known the protecting care of a husband. The spell of old memories must have been strong upon Mrs. Wilks, for she occasionally dropped her "H's."

Her lamentations were fitful, being interrupted by brief stretches of slumber, from which she would wake to wail over her lot, and to call upon her departed helpmate.

"Never, never," she cried, "was I accustomed to this sort of thing, nor educated for it! Oh, if I 'ad you 'ere, my 'usband! Oh, George, George!"

"Paul," whispered Adèle in his ear, "did you hear that? She spoke of her husband as George, and I am sure she called him Robert just a little while ago."

"Yes, dear," said Paul, "and I think you must have had a little nap, or you would have heard her refer to him some time ago as Alexander."

"Oh, Paul, dear," Adèle whispered, "this is dreadful."

"Look there!" cried Paul, suddenly; "there 's the sun!"

It is only at times such as these that commonplace folk realize something of the

beauty of that miracle that occurs three hundred and sixty-five times in every year—the birth of a new day. The Browns had come out for adventure, and to see what life had to show them; and in that moment they both felt that they were looking upon one of the most beautiful things that had ever happened to the earth. And yet they might have seen it any day in the year out of any one of their east windows.

"How heavenly!" whispered Adèle in hushed rapture.

"Yes," said Paul; "and that 's the tavern right over there on the other side of the river."

"That 's so," said Adèle, looking, with a new interest in her brown eyes, at the low, comfortable white building that began to rise above the river mist, among a clump of huge willows just across the stream.

"Does n't it seem to you, Paul, as if you had never thought before just what a nice thing breakfast is, too?"

"I 'm going to have some breakfast," said Paul, "if I have to swim for it. Here, let 's wake these people up. I 'm blessed if they are n't all asleep."

"I don't believe," remarked Adèle, reflectively, "that they mind anything. But don't wake them up for just a minute—look, dear!"

They were both of them stiff and sore and tired; but, as they looked out upon the new morning, it was all so fresh and fair, so bright from its bath of rain, so tender in its summery greens, softened by the delicate gray haze that hung over the river and lifted a little and then faded out from the face of Nature, as if to cheat the eye, that they could think of nothing but the beauty before them; and their awakening hearts were stronger than their stiffened limbs.

Like the light of eyes that awake and look into the face of a loved one, the landscape came out of the mist. They were far away from the town, out in the happy country. The broad river flowed by them, still rippling in its fullness, but clear and pure. There were green fields and patches of woodland on either side, and right opposite them that comfortable and home-like looking tavern stood white among the great green willows with their brownish-yellow trunks. And, as they stepped out upon the stones that the rapidly subsiding waters had left bare, they saw the graceful line of the big stone bridge reaching across to the other side, arch after arch, bearing on its broad shoulders the road that led to

the open door of the old hostelry. The door was open; they could see it from where they stood on the stones, with the water just at the soles of their shoes. And it seemed as if Breakfast actually beckoned to them from that open, welcoming portal.

They stood there for a minute or two, and took a brief proprietorship in the sun and the sky and the green woods and the quick rushing river; and then they set about wakening their companions. Mrs. Wilks was the most difficult to rouse. For a long time she only grunted in an amiable way, as often as Paul shook her. At last she opened her eyes and said, as one talking in a dream:

"Cologne? No, never. I deny it!"

"And then she rubbed her eyes and awoke, definitively. A puzzled look came into her face as she put her hand to her head.

"Where did I get it?" she inquired of Miss Georgie Mingies.

"My cologne," said Miss Mingies, simply.

"I 'll give you another bottle, my dear," said Mrs. Wilks. "Just as soon as the luck turns."

"Aunt Sophy," said Miss Mingies, with impressive decision, "you always were a lady."

"She always was," remarked Mr. Slingsby, pleasantly. "Now, will the lady wade, or will she go out of this pick-a-back?"

"Are n't you broke enough as it is?" inquired Aunt Sophy, who was evidently fast recovering the use of her faculties. I 'll walk, as far as I 'm concerned. I 'd like to rinse off a little."

There was no longer any difficulty in getting out of their uncomfortable quarters, and the bedraggled party slowly but safely made their way to the shore, and started over the bridge toward the tavern. Each member of the group was becoming conscious of a new stiffened joint at each step of the way.

"Did you ever see a second-hand set of marionettes?" said Mr. Slingsby to Paul.

Paul had never had that experience.

"Well, that 's the movement we 've got on us," said Mr. Slingsby.

With the soft glow of the early morning sun illuminating their damp and clinging garments, the remains of the Aggregation and the two Browns presented themselves at the tavern-door. They were all partners in misery and equals in misfortune, so far as the eye could see. There was nothing now to distinguish Mrs. Brown's hat, in respect to social position, from even the worst of those worn by her sisters in distress, which was unquestionably the strange and towering structure that topped the head of Mrs. Wilks.

And yet they smiled as they looked at each other, and not with the derisive smile with which the inn-keeper regarded them, but with the happy and innocent smile which children at their play exchange with one another. Wet and stiff and sore, fellowshiping with vagabonds in the same plight as themselves, the Browns were having a good time.

"Well, you *are* a healthy looking lot!" said the fat, red-faced landlord, as he gazed upon them. "Be'n out in the wet, ain't ye?"

"Damn his impudence!" said Slingsby to Paul. "He thinks there is n't any money in the crowd. He little knows—"

Here a sudden misgiving caused Mr. Slingsby to change his confident expression.

"Say," he whispered, anxiously, "you *have* got some scads, have n't you?"

"Scads?" repeated Paul, doubtfully.

"Yes. Plunks—gold—spondulix—cash—money, you know," exclaimed Mr. Slingsby. "Runyon did n't get away with all you had, did he?"

"No," said Paul, smiling. "I think I have enough for our present necessities."

"Oh, it 's all right," said Mr. Slingsby, much relieved. "Then see me jump on that brute's neck!"

And Mr. Slingsby straightened himself up and infused into his person an air of grandeur, which not even his dampness could diminish. Then he sternly advanced upon the landlord.

"Are you intoxicated?" he demanded severely, and in so peremptory a tone that the landlord gasped rather than said:

"Naw!"

"Then," said Mr. Slingsby, "your insolence is inexcusable." He turned with a lofty air to Miss Mingies, who was trying to look unconcerned while she pinned up a gap in the rear of her skirt. "Lady Georgianna," he said, waving his hand toward Mrs. Wilks, who showed indications of being about to go to sleep standing, "will you kindly conduct the Countess into that apology for an apartment which I see on





my right? And Lord Delancey will see to the comfort of the rest of the ladies, while I give my orders to this fellow. Baron," he continued, addressing Paul, "I shall need your advice in the preparation of a menu for our breakfast. I suppose this person can be taught to serve something eatable."

Then, haughtily signaling to the landlord to follow him, he strode into the barroom.

The landlord's eyes almost started from his head.

"You had better make haste," observed Mr. Delancey, with a stern, yet condescending manner. "Lord Slingsby is in no mood to be trifled with. Is it not strange," he said to Mrs. Brown, "that when one carriage breaks down, it always breaks down where there is nothing better than such a hole as this within ten miles? But I suppose you can't expect anything better in this blarsted country."

The landlord was by this time of a fine, rich purple color. He made one or two vain attempts to speak; but finding that he only produced a sort of stifled gurgle, he gave it up, and meekly followed Mr. Slingsby into the barroom.

The landlord had a bad quarter of an hour with Mr. Slingsby in the barroom. Mr. Slingsby opened the proceedings by asking Paul, in an off-hand manner, if he remembered what he had done with the bill-of-fare from the Hôtel Aristocratique.

"That was a fairly satisfactory repast," he observed, "and may afford us some suggestions. I think you put it in your wallet, dear boy."

Twenty-four hours before, Paul would probably have asked him what he meant, or told him outright that he knew nothing of any bill-of-fare or any Hôtel Aristocratique. But now it was with a feeling of having been born into a new world, and a world where, even under the most depressing conditions, life seemed to have a wonderful lot of fun about it, that Paul impressively produced his comfortable-looking pocket-book—it was wet and out of shape, but its contents gave it a look of comfort—carelessly pulled out a ten dollar bill or two in a pretended search for the imaginary menu, and then told Mr. Slingsby that he thought he must have forgotten it.

"Too bad," said Mr. Slingsby. "Well, let's see? Suppose we have some—er—Consommé à la Périgord and some Béchamel aux Pollyopkins, and—er—Perquisites à la Tuberculosis—and how would a little Eucalyptus with egg-sauce à la Pajama do to end up with? You could serve a simple meal like that without keeping us waiting, I suppose?" he inquired of the landlord, in an airy, contemptuous tone.

When Mr. Slingsby had satisfied his soul with torture, the landlord was the humblest of created things. He compromised on ham and eggs.

#### CHAPTER IX.

Nothing had been said about it, but it seemed to be generally understood that, as far as money matters were concerned, Mr. Paul Brown had entire charge of the company's affairs. He found that he was looked upon in the light of the vanished Runyon—nay, more than this—he seemed to have become a sort of financial father to the whole Aggregation. Paul was not of an illiberal disposition, but he felt that the time was fast approaching when the line must be drawn in this matter. At Mr. Slingsby's suggestion he hired rooms for the entire company, but when he and Adèle went to their chamber to try to smarten themselves up a little before breakfast, he talked it over with Mrs. Brown, and they came to a very decided conclusion.

The breakfast was a long time in preparation; partly, perhaps, because most of the members of the company were drying themselves around the kitchen stove. Paul put his head into the kitchen and found all his friends there, socially steaming together. He made up his mind that he and Adèle would go out and dry on the sunshiny lawn between the tavern and the beach. Here, as they walked up and down, they were joined by Mr. Slingsby, who hailed them as cheerily as though the situation were an every day experience.

"The modest meal," he remarked, "is well nigh ready. I've procured access to the larder, and 'ave routed out a few humble viands to swell the bill-of-fare."

"Mr. Slingsby," said Paul, "I trust you will make our breakfast as satisfactory as possible in every respect, for when it is concluded we shall part company. Mrs. Brown and I have made up our minds to retire from the theatrical business. Mr. Runyon's departure has left certain responsibilities upon my hands, of which I shall endeavor to acquit myself. I will discharge our present indebtedness at this place, and I will put in your hands a sum sufficient to carry the entire company back to New

York. After that, Mrs. Brown and I will resume our trip, which will necessarily take us in another direction. I have not the slightest doubt that an Aggregation of such talent as yours will readily find regular and steady employment in the city."

Mr. Slingsby stared hard at Paul for a moment; then he raised his right hand, and looked solemnly aloft.

"By 'Eaven's," he said, "The Prince of Jays! I knew he was too good to be true!" Then he grasped Paul warmly by the hand.

"Mr. Brown," he said, "your proposition does you infinite credit, and I shall be extremely happy to serve as your disbursing agent. I need not tell you, I suppose, how much I regret that we must sever?"

"You need not, Mr. Slingsby," replied Paul, "but I trust you will allow me to assure you that Mrs. Brown and I have heartily enjoyed making your acquaintance and that of your friends, and that our brief connection has been of great interest, and, I may say, benefit to us."

"I am glad to 'ear it," said Mr. Slingsby. "I've certainly tried to do my best by you. And, in reflecting upon this occurrence in future years, it will always be a great satisfaction to me that I 'ad 'old of you, and not an ignorant and unappreciative 'og like Runyon, who has not the first instincts of a gentleman, and never knows when it is time to let go."

And with a profound bow to Mrs. Brown, Mr. Slingsby moved off. He had not gone far, however, when a thought struck him and he returned.

"Under the circumstances," he said, with a kindly smile, "it might not be amiss if we were to garnish the occasion with a few bottles of such wine as the country affords?"

"Certainly not," said Paul.

"Then we garnish," said Mr. Slingsby.

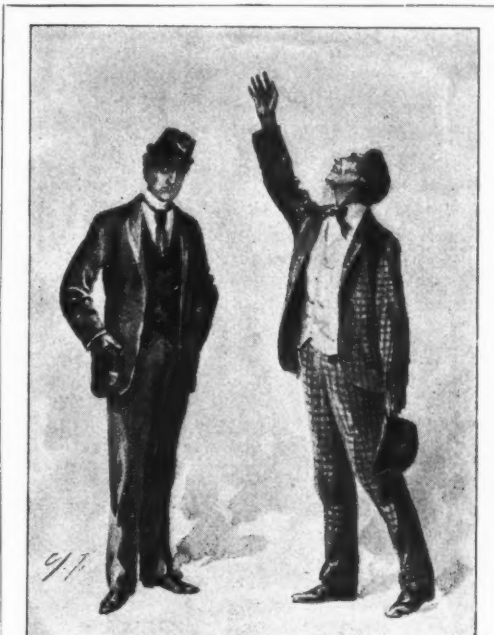
"My boy, you *are* a thoroughbred!"

The breakfast was served on the broad back verandah of the tavern, overlooking the water, and it was a very jolly meal, although ham and eggs predominated in its composition. They washed the ham and eggs down with champagne. Everybody agreed that the practice of drinking wine so early in the morning was improper in the extreme; but they all drank it. Shipwrecked people are entitled to certain indulgences, and as Mr. Slingsby truly remarked, the champagne which the landlord furnished was little better than an inflated cider. So they ate and drank, and felt happy that they were alive, and that they were all such good people together; and after awhile a happy golden haze seemed to wrap the whole party in a dreamy delight. When they had

finished, they pushed back their chairs and sat contentedly gazing at the beauty of the river under the morning sunshine. Then Mr. Slingsby bewailed the fact that his fiddle was packed in his trunk, on the wharf opposite the theatre, in Tunkawanna. The landlord heard him, and eagerly offered the loan of his own personal and private violin. Mr. Slingsby loftily accepted the offer, and when the instrument came, he began to sing to them, in a pleasant, old-fashioned falsetto, a string of old-fashioned songs—sea-songs, the most of them. He sang "Tom Bowling," "Wrap Me Up in my Tarpaulin Jacket," "Black-eyed Susan," and other sweet, old, simple, silly strains, while the golden haze grew more and more golden, and some of the elder eyes grew moist, and Aunt Sophy Wilks cried softly to herself, like a fat old child.

It was long past ten o'clock before they finished their breakfast, and they would not have finished it then if Adèle had not called Paul's attention to two facts: first, that the stage for Tunkawanna and the New York train left at eleven; second, that several of the company, including Mr. Mingies and Mr. Weegan, were expressing so warm an admiration for their present surroundings that they could not be contemplating less than a fortnight's stay.

After having been thus reminded, it did occur to Paul that his intimacy with those gentlemen was increasing at an uncommonly rapid rate, and that if he called Mr. Slingsby "dear old man" a few times more, he would probably find the Brown family tied for life, and, before they knew it, to the wreck of Runyon's Dramatic Aggregation. Still the golden haze enveloped his young head, and Paul never knew exactly how he did succeed in getting his eight friends off on



the stage, which presently lumbered up to the door of the inn. The parting scene was very affecting. Every one of the gentlemen privately borrowed ten dollars of Paul; the ladies all kissed Adèle; then Mrs. Wilks kissed Paul, and dropped a fat tear upon his cheek. Mr. Mingies bestowed a fatherly salute upon Adèle, and then the stage-driver interfered, and with his aid, and that of the landlord and the hostler, and a stray negro stable-boy, the eight dramatic artists were finally stowed away in and on various parts of the stage, and started off for Tunkawanna to redeem their trunks, and to take the train for New York. There was much kissing of hands and waving of handkerchiefs, and, with the best intentions, but somewhat inappropriately, Mr. Mingies, in a deep bass voice, started the chorus of "Good-night, Ladies," as they rolled over the bridge in the morning sun.

The two Browns watched them from the back porch until they had crossed the bridge and swept into the high road. Then, just as they were turning away, Adèle gave a cry of astonishment.

"Look, Paul!" she said.

Paul looked. From a ciump of bushes which the stage was passing, a tall man in a silk hat dashed wildly forth, with two other men in close pursuit. The tall man ran after the stage with a speed that must have been born of desperation, unless he was a professional sprinter. He caught it, with his pursuers ten yards in the rear, and, grasping the baggage-rack, drew himself up, and was hauled to the top by Mr. Slingsby and Mr. Mingies. The other two men shouted to the driver, and one waved a bunch of white papers, but the driver appeared not to hear, for he whipped up his horses, and the stage rolled merrily around the corner. It was Mr. Runyon.

(To be continued.)

#### ON A FORT WORTH BOBTAIL.

CONDUCTOR (to SOLITARY PASSENGER).—No; I can't bust a five-dollar bill for you. But (*insinuatingly*) I tell you what I *can* do; I'll stop the car at the next saloon and go in with you to get it busted.

#### WITH APOLOGIES TO TENNYSON.

I hold it true, whate'er befalls,  
'T is only stupid to be good;  
For wealth can now win coronets  
And look with scorn on Norman blood.



#### AN UNQUESTIONED INSULT.

PARSON.—Are you of age?  
GIDDY BRIDE.—Yes. I—  
PARSON.—Excuse me. I was questioning the young man.  
GIDDY BRIDE (*indignantly*).—Come, Hen. I hain't goin' to stand here an' be insulted, if I never get married!

#### JOHNNY ON TIME.

IN SCHOOL most slowly drags the time;  
At least it drags so slow with me,  
I think I'll never hear the chime  
That tells the pleasant hour of three.

When in the circus tent I sit,  
And spell-bound listen to the band,  
The hours just like minutes flit,  
Which I can never understand.

I think that Time must fold its wing,  
And rest within the school-room pent;  
Why won't it do the self-same thing  
Within the merry circus tent?

R. K. Munkittrick.



#### A FRIEND IN NEED.

PHILANTHROPIST.—Why are you crying so, my child?  
LITTLE GIRL.—Please, sir, me mudder sent me wid fifty cints fer to git bread wid, an' I lost it in that there dark alleyway. I'll be licked terrible.  
PHILANTHROPIST.—Well, well! my poor child; dry your tears. Here is—a match. Perhaps you may be able to find it.

#### THE HAUGHTY ARTHUR.

"Arthur is very exclusive," said proud Mrs. Bunker the other day. "He will not graduate with his class this week, but will wait until the Autumn, and graduate alone."  
And even Arthur, conditioned as he was, went out of doors and grinned.

NOT UP TO DATE.  
The actor is seldom a hero  
to his landlady.

THE GRAIN elevator is a  
sort of magazine of cereal  
stories.

"WHO SHALL decide when  
doctors disagree?" The  
autopsy.

WHEN A MAN has hocked his last  
possession, he may be called  
pawn-broke.

EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE — Which  
is Usually a Fancy Estimate.

A CIRCULAR SAW — The proverb that fits neatly all round.

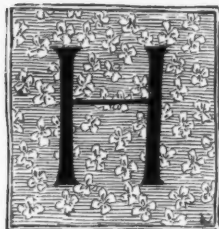
THE CAT has nine lives; but she does n't have a minute to spare when  
the small boy gets after her,



"SHAKING FOR  
THE DRINKS."



## RULES FOR COLLEGIANS ABOUT TO BE GRADUATED.



AVE YOUR photograph taken.

Have it taken as a member, or, if possible, the president of seventeen college societies. College groups always look interesting when framed in gilt, and they will give a scholastic air to your mother's front parlor.

Never play, except with a reasonable limit, and always bear in mind that a bobtail flush does n't beat three of a kind, except when you are playing with foreigners.

Never work; but when it is near examination time — cram.

When cramming classics, be sure that the translations you use are the same as those used by the professors. Bohn's classics are very popular.

In studying Greek grammar, it is unnecessary to pay attention to anything but the second aorist. You will find the following rule in regard to it very serviceable. All short, stumpy verbs ending in a long "e" are second aorist.

However much you may be urged to do it, do not sign a contract to become the president of a railroad or any other great business concern before you are graduated. It is better to wait until you have obtained your degree, and then to look around.

Do not make up your mind to take a post-graduate course in Germany. There are plenty of good fencing clubs in New York, and any barber will hack up your face for you.

Have your photograph taken again.

Get your hat blocked.

Paste this in it.

P. McArthur.

## FOUNDED ON EXPERIENCE.

"Bishop," said a young Methodist preacher to his spiritual superior; "won't you give me some advice how to gain and keep the love of my congregation?"

"Yes, Brother," replied the divine; "when you marry, select a woman from some other congregation than your own, and be sure that she is not handsome or stylish in her dress."

## "WHOSE SUPERScription?"

If every coin, with Cæsar's face,  
Should go to Cæsar, surely we,  
Who, on our coins, a woman place,  
Do ill complain, to-day, that she  
For *most* our dollars makes a call.—  
'T is rather cause for ecstasy  
To know *she* does n't get them *all*!

W. H. W.



## NO CRITERION.

SHOEMAKER (*aside*).—A full four. (*Aloud.*) What size do you wear, Madam?

MRS. INSTEP.—Why, you just measured my foot!

SHOEMAKER.—Yes; but what size do you *wear*?



## NATURE'S EVIDENT INTENTION.

DISCOURAGED PARENT.—That boy of mine worries me; he has n't a particle of acuteness, does n't know anything, and you can't believe a word he says. What can I do with him when he grows up?

FRIEND (*after a few moments' reflection*).—Well, from your description he ought to make a first-class private detective.

## THE POLITICAL PLANETS IN JUNE.

B. Harrison will be a conspicuous object in the sky during this month. He will be evening star until the Minneapolis Convention. Then he will become morning star, and continue as such until the November election. What will become of him then will be reserved for a later number of PUCK to tell.

Jim Blaine will be the reigning star through June; and, until the Fourth of March next. Then he is likely to descend below the horizon, but not below Harrison.

Dave Hill will continue to shine faintly in the lower sky until the Chicago Convention, when he will suddenly and totally disappear. Blair's ever feeble lustre will also suffer another diminution during the month of June.

The principal point of interest for viewers of the political heavens will be in the constellation Tariff Reform, where the great planet Grover Cleveland blazes resplendent. This star is rapidly approaching the sun of Victory, and will soon be seen in its brightest aspect.

S. Mart Halleck.

I SAW a manly arm about her waist,  
Lips to my love's lips press'd,  
Her soft, smooth cheek in tender confidence  
Upon his shoulder rest;  
His fingers to her spun-silk tresses stray'd,  
Lifting the sheeny mass —  
I was not jealous, for we stood alone  
Before the glass.

Francis Zuri Stone.



"STANDARD BOOKS" are well named.  
They are put up as a kind of  
banner to show our cultivated taste, but are  
seldom taken down.

LILY PEASTRAW.—They do say as how Sam Barnes is gittin' awful stuck up.

MARY JANE KORNSHUCK.—My! But ain't he, though! He sits in the parlor at nights, even when there ain't company at the house.

THE MAN who is ahead of the times always ought to have enough cash laid by to live on until the times catch up with him.



J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building, N.Y.

"IN THE HANDS OF



UCK.



J. Keppler

OS OF HIS FRIENDS."

# A SLIGHT MISTAKE.



NEAR-SIGHTED PARENT.—Mary and her young man have been standing out on that porch for over an hour. I'm just going to raise that shade and see what they are about.



NEAR-SIGHTED PARENT (inside).—What's the matter with this tassel, anyhow?

## A LITTLE PATTI FOR A CENT.

MR. KNOX.—Ethel, it is perfectly imbecile, your trying to give yourself the airs of a prima donna, every time George calls.

ETHEL KNOX.—Why, Papa! What can you mean?

MR. KNOX.—I heard you say farewell at least sixty-five times, last night.

## IDENTIFIED.

"The Countess de Rigueur," I heard, "American—some Western town—The reigning belle"—I looked and knew My old school-mate, Samantha Brown.

## ALWAYS.

"Somehow or other the Hudson does not seem to me to be what it used to be," said Chatterton.

"It has been running down steadily," returned Batterton.

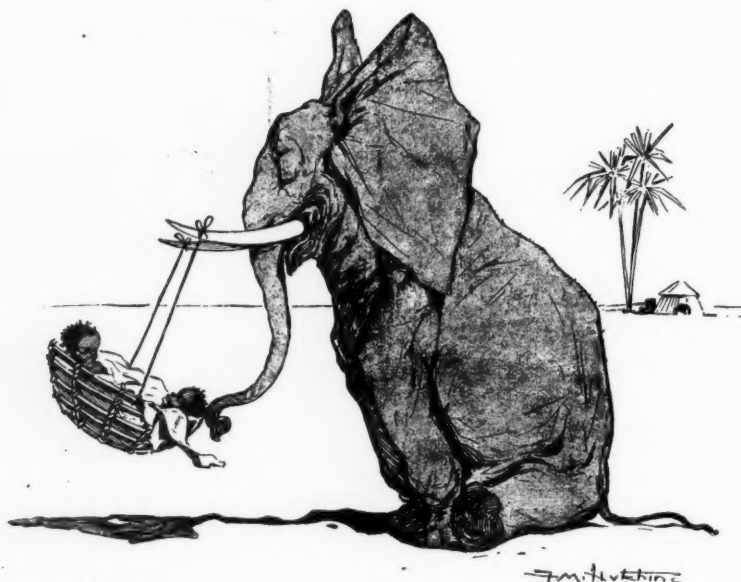
## ENOUGH TO GO AROUND.

"Charlie Wicks has only one arm, has he not?" asked Maude.

"Yes," returned May; "but it's a long one."

## THE INCONSISTENCY OF IT.

To intermeddle is n't right,  
It makes good people sore;  
Yet 'way Out West, both day and night,  
Smelters put in their ore.



## A SUGGESTION FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

This is a nurse who will not flirt with the park police.

## SHE UNDERSTOOD IT WELL.

MR. MANHATTAN.—You understand the language of flowers, of course, Miss Winona?

MISS WINONA (of Minnesota).—Oh, yes! Four X's is the best quality, made from selected Winter wheat.

## ECONOMY.

PARKE ROWE.—I don't see why you editorial writers don't come right out and sign your articles.

FULLERTON.—My dear fellow, space on that page is worth two dollars a line!

## FOLLOWING UP THE INITIAL.

TRAMP.—Begobs, sir, I've been reduced to one beef stew a day!

MR. PEPTONE.—The deuce! How many beef stews do you want in one day, anyhow?

"A TIGHT SQUEEZE"—Hugging a Lamp-post.

THE FATE of an actor, like a pot of coffee, is frequently settled with an egg.

THE COURSE of true love may not run smooth, but they make some good records on it in Chicago.

ALL THINGS come to those who are waiting for something else.

A SPANKING TEAM—The Old Lady's Slippers.

THE CUSTARD pie would make a good democratic emblem; it has no upper crust.

## A LOCAL NOTE.

"THE POLICE ARE AGAIN AFTER THE DIVES."

THE PLAIN American has no handle to his name; but the Irish-American is ushered in with a flourish of hyphens.

A "SIGNAL TRIUMPH"—The Weather-man's Prediction which Happens to Come True.

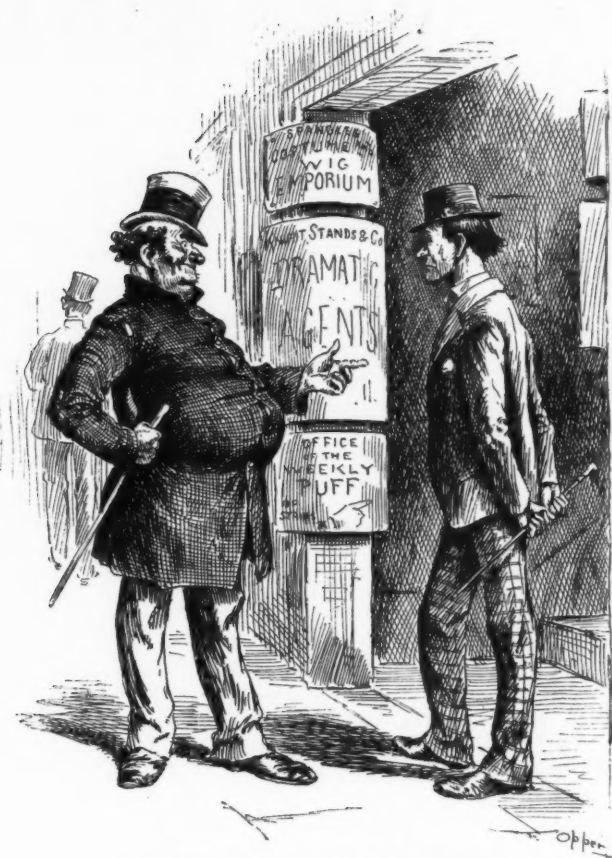
THERE ARE some people so morally constituted that they would use a 110-ton gun of reproof to kill a sparrow of wickedness.

ANY MAN can keep off the grass; but it sometimes takes command of temper to keep off the park policeman.

NO, HOFFY; there is no extravagance in your spending half-an-hour tying your four-in-hand. If you had spent a week doing it, your time would not have equaled the value of the tie.







### A SUCCESSFUL ENGAGEMENT.

MR. STORMER BARNES.—What means this well-fed appearance, Holmes? I thought the "Lucullus" Company went to pieces.

MR. WALKER HOLMES.—It did, at last, my boy—but we had *real food* in the banquet scene, all the season!

and the quotations he obtained on these piscatorial products fairly took Mrs. Hytes's breath away, and boded ill for the local dealer.

After that, Prospect's progress along the downward way was easy.

Now he always comes home via Fulton market.

From being originally a specialist in fish, he has boldly branched out into steaks, chickens, spare-ribs, cheese, calf's liver, and other delicacies of the season.

His bundles are daily growing larger in size.

Who can doubt that a huge and unwieldy market basket will be his eventual fate? Truly, it is the first step that counts!

Harry Romaine.

### THE DIM FUTURE.

BRIGGS.—Hear that you are engaged, old man! When do you expect to be married?

GRIGGS.—Not for years yet. I've got to find just the right flat first.

### UNRUFFLED.

"I ain't crying!" said little Ethel, cheerfully, from the dining-room, where she was having a late and solitary breakfast.

"I'm glad to hear it," replied her mother from the adjoining room. "Why are n't you crying, my dear?"

"'Cause," said Ethel, as she placidly watched the contents of her overturned oatmeal bowl flowing over the table and trickling down to the floor; "'cause dere 's no use crying over spilled milk."



Two of Our Esteemed Contemporaries.

*The Financier and The Dry Goods Economist.*

### UNUM NECESSARIUM.

If 't were not for the Fool, the Wits  
Might find their fame forsake 'em.

For, should all Folly intermit,

Their jests—how could they make 'em?

Dorothea Lummis.

### THE FIRST STEP.

ONE AFTERNOON, about two months ago, Prospect Hytes was walking down Wall Street in the direction of the Brooklyn Ferry, when he met his friend and neighbor, Parkely Fronter, at the corner of Beaver.

"How do you do, Fronter!" he said; "going home, now?"

"Yes; by way of Fulton market," answered Fronter; "I'm going to take a shad home to my wife. Come with me, won't you?"

"Do you do the marketing?" asked Prospect Hytes, with an amused smile. "Thank heavens! That is something I have never been drawn into. Don't mind going with you, though."

When they reached the market, Prospect Hytes's eye was caught by the silvery piles of fish invitingly laid out on the fish-dealers' tables. All at once it struck him he must have a shad, too. He could not neglect such a golden opportunity to surprise and delight his wife.

Never before had he brought home anything more substantial than a box of early strawberries or a bunch of roses; but he saw Parkely Fronter's parcel was so neatly wrapped as to disguise its contents, so he gave his order, and in a few minutes received a precisely similar package.

This was "The First Downward Step."

Mrs. Hytes was effectually surprised and delighted; especially when she learned that the shad had cost only thirty-five cents.

"Why, that fishman of ours is a perfect swindler!" she exclaimed, in an outburst of indignation. "He wanted sixty cents for his shad, to-day. Is n't it outrageous!"

Prospect felt a glow of satisfaction at having circumvented the corner monopolist's steal over him. He did not see the course of the stream of tendency upon which he was thoughtlessly drifting. "The Roar of the Rapids" had not yet sounded in his ears.

The next week his wife asked him to "bring home another shad!"

She also asked him to inquire the price of codfish steaks and smelts,



### LOCATING IT.

MOTHER.—Your finger may hurt, dear; but it is n't injured enough to put a rag on it.

HAROLD.—Well, put a rag on it, anyhow, so I will know which finger hurts.

# TO A CERTAIN KIND OF POET.



DAISIES, Praises,  
Meadows, Shadows,  
Roses, Posies  
Gay.  
These are rhymes this poet  
mingles  
When he merrily be-jingles  
Merry May.

These are ancient rhymes, and, therefore,  
Should be cast aside;  
Wherefore, wherefore, wherefore, wherefore  
Has the bard no pride?

Better far to say that stucco  
Shields the nest on high  
Of the Phœbe or the cuckoo,  
Though it be a lie.

Better far upon the greensward  
Say his spirit springs  
Radiantly pork and beansward  
On delighted wings.

But this poet, inspired, impassioned,  
Will stick to his rhymes old-fashioned.

"Blossom," "blossom," "blossom,"  
These will rhyme forever  
With "bosom," "bosom," "bosom,"  
Like "river" with "endeavor."  
Like "river" with "endeavor,"  
Will "blossom" rhyme with "bosom,"  
As "ever" rhymes with "river,"  
Will "bosom" rhyme with "blossom."  
There are no extra charges for this Tennysonian  
touch,  
'T is a little vagrant fancy, and it's all the same  
in Dutch.

But this poet, not "staccato,"  
E'er will jingle with tomato,  
When "grove" and "shove" and "grass" and  
"case" remain.  
He will rhymeward feebly grope,  
Just like Alexander Pope,  
And he'll fill our tuneful soul with ache and pain,  
When we read his airy jingles from Vermont to  
Colorado,  
In the magazine that circulates from Oregon to  
Yeddo,  
With his "blossom" and his "bosom" and his  
"meadow" and his "shadow"  
And his "praises" and his "daisies" and his  
"shadow" and his "meadow."

R. K. M.



SOME EARLY SETTLERS.

One of the special weekly attractions of our humorous contemporary PUCK, is a short story which does n't much resemble short stories published elsewhere. "Mavericks" they have been called of late, and "Mavericks" is the title of a pretty volume just published, containing about twenty of them by as many writers. Among the contributors are W. J. Henderson, Brander Matthews, Madeline Bridges, George H. Jessop, Tudor Jenks, Flavel S. Mines, R. K. Munkittrick, and PUCK's editor, Mr. Bunner, whose "Short Sixes" formed the initial volume of the series of which "Mavericks" is the latest issue. To any one in search of something which will make him laugh this little book may be safely commended. The pictures, of which there are many, are quite as funny as the tales, and are all by PUCK's artists.—N. Y. Herald.

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**PREMIER  
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MAKERS.**

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Catalogue and rules  
of the Game Free.  
**SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO CLUBS.**  
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## Dear Sir:

(Go on reading ; this is not Confidential.)

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**SOHMER**  
**PIANOS**

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists  
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CHICAGO, ILL., Cor. Wabash Ave. & Jackson St.  
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GRAND NATIONAL AWARD  
of 16,600 francs.

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LAROCHE'S TONIC  
a Stimulating Restorative,  
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**PERUVIAN BARK, IRON,**  
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Endorsed by the Hospitals  
for PREVENTION and CURE of  
DYSPEPSIA, MALARIA, FEVER and AGUE,  
NEURALGIA, loss of APPETITE,  
GASTRALGIA, POORNESS of the BLOOD,  
and RETARDED CONVALESCENCE.

This wonderful invigorating tonic is pow-  
erful in its effects, is easily administered,  
assimilates thoroughly and quickly with  
the gastric juices, without deranging the  
action of the stomach.  
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**E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U. S.,**  
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## AUTOMATIC-REEL.

It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast  
as any other reel in the world. It will wind up the  
line slowly. No fish can ever get slack line with it.  
It will save more fish than any other reel. SEND  
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**KINKS. 10 Cents. KINKS.**

Excuse a personal question. What Suspenders do  
you wear? If not the CENTURY it ought to be.  
You will understand why after you have tried a pair.  
First-class Dealers keep them. Ask and buy — 50c.  
or more.

Yours truly,  
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**CHICAGO AND**  
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**INSIST**

on having  
**POZZONI'S**  
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**COMPLEXION**  
**POWDER**

and do not let your dealer sell you any other. Pozzoni's is absolutely pure and contains no white lead or other injurious ingredients.

**IT IS SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

BIRDS with bright feathers do not always make a good potpie.—*Ram's Horn.*

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what  
**IRISH TWEEDS** are?

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**BUSINESS SUIT,**  
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Trousers \$5.00 to \$8.00.

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WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, N. Y.

COULD N'T BE A CRAZE.

WINKS.—Your friend Jones is one of the finest pianists I ever heard. Why don't he go on the stage?

MINKS.—Would n't pay. His name is too easy to pronounce.—*New York Weekly.*

**Sickness Among Children,**

Especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

A good share of the value of anything dies with the varnish on it.

Yes; but the varnish don't die, unless it was made for a price or ignorantly.

The man who buys it and puts it on is the man to go for.

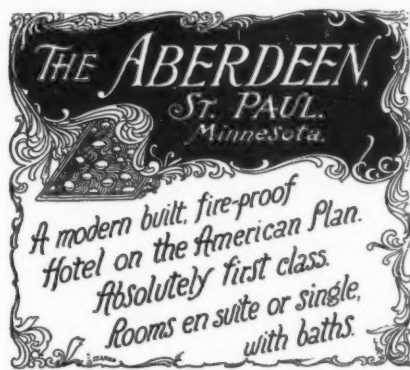
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Newark, Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, Chicago.

WILLIE WANGLE.—I aimed that shot-gun of yours at Mama's dressmaker to-day, and she was so scared that she ran away.

MR. WANGLE.—You did, eh? Well, you're a good boy. Come out in the back yard and I will show you how to use that gun.—*Harper's Bazar.*



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ENTIRELY WITHOUT EGGS.

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Containing:—  
A packet of Bird's Custard Powder, sufficient to make four pints of the richest custard without eggs.

A packet of Bird's Blanc-mange Powder, enough for three large Blanc-manges of a pint each.

A tin of Bird's Concentrated Egg Powder, equal to thirty new-laid eggs.

A canister of Bird's Giant Baking Powder, which will go twice as far as ordinary baking powder, and is guaranteed free from alum, ammonia, or any impurity whatsoever.

This Dollar Sample Box is intended solely to introduce Bird's English Specialties into American Homes, and can not be purchased retail, and Messrs. BIRD will not be able to supply more than one sample box to each household. Remember the object in view is to distribute samples of the Special Domestic Luxuries for which Bird's name stands first and foremost as a guarantee for Purity and High Quality.

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TEACHER.—Can you imagine what a man would be who was ignorant and instructed at the same time?

REPUBLICAN SCHOLAR.—Yes 'm; a Hill delegate.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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BRIDE.—Now, don't let people know we are on our wedding tour. Act as if you didn't care a snap for me.

GROOM.—Um! that won't do nowadays, my dear. People will think we're on our divorce tour.—*New York Weekly.*

A DARK MYSTERY.

GOOD LITTLE BOY.—Does majority rule in this country?

FATHER.—Indeed it does.

GOOD LITTLE BOY.—Then how does it happen that one bad little boy can get all us good little boys into so much mischief?—*Street & Smith's Good News.*



Guaranteed to contain no rosin, or any injurious substances. Delicacy of Perfume unexcelled. Sole U. S. Agents.

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BEEN THERE.

BINKS.—I got a sure tip on the race yesterday.

MINKS.—That so? How much did you lose? —*New York Weekly.*

Angostura Bitters cure colic, fever and ague and indigestion. The genuine manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. All druggists keep them.



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**A. WERNER & CO., 52 Warren St., New York.**

I have submitted A. Werner & Co.'s Extra Dry to a chemical analysis, and find it free from any impurities whatever. I therefore cordially recommend it as a pure and healthy American wine.  
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Fully warranted and the best for the price the world affords. We manufacture all the component parts and are the largest makers on the globe. 100,000 of our instruments now in use. Sold by all leading dealers. Genuine have name burned on the inside. Take no other. Illustrated pamphlet mailed free.  
**LYON & HEALY, 155 to 164 State St., Chicago.**

408

**Ladies  
traveling by  
Land or Sea,  
Visiting, or  
away from  
Home,**

SHOULD NOT VENTURE WITHOUT

A SUPPLY OF

**SOUTHALL'S**

**SANITARY TOWELS.**

In an advertisement we can not possibly say more than that these special articles of ladies' underclothing supersede the old-fashioned diaper, and are most convenient and portable for Ladies traveling by land or sea. They are manufactured by patent process by which they can be sold at less than cost of laundry. They are of downy softness, most comfortable, cleanly and economical. A package containing one dozen, assorted in the three sizes in which they are made, together with medical and press opinions, will be mailed on receipt of one dollar.

Address:

LADY MANAGER, 4 Wooster St., N. Y.

N. B. — SOUTHALL'S SANITARY TOWELS are kept in the "Corset, Ladies' Underwear, or Notion" Departments in many of the leading retail stores in America. They will be kept in every store, if you and your friends will ask for them. If not in stock when you ask for them, they can be obtained for you. Mention the matter to the lady in charge of the Department, and, if necessary, show her this advertisement.

THERE is no question but that the "Actors' Fund Fair," recently held at the "Madison Square Garden," was a grand success; and, now that it is over, a word of praise is due to those who helped to make it so popular. Among the many contributions worthy of notice was that of Messrs. Sohmer & Co., who gave one of their famous "Cabinet Grands." The universal verdict of the many thousands of music lovers who heard this fine instrument during the fair, was, that if you do not have a "Sohmer," you are "not in it." "Sohmer" is rapidly becoming a household word throughout the country, because people know when that name is on a piano, it is a guarantee of its excellence in every respect.

THE devil would have to go out of business if he could not make sin attractive.—*Ram's Horn.*

EVEN when a ship parts with her anchor she still keeps her hold.—*Texas Siftings.*

No. 50 BROADWAY, New York:  
He allows 6 per cent. interest on all deposits for margin.





Leaves a Delicate and Lasting Odor.  
**AN IDEAL COMPLEXION SOAP.**

For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers or if unable to procure this wonderful soap send 25c in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

**JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.**

**SPECIAL**—Shandon Bells Soap (new—exquisite—fascinating) sent FREE to anyone sending us three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.

**WATCH** Exact watch size.  
**POCKET \$1.00** Nickel-Plated and Engraved.  
**LAMP** Strong & durable.  
1,000 LIGHTS.  
1,000 extra lights, 10c.  
Sent upon receipt of price. A boon to everybody.



References: We can refer to any bank or commercial agency in N. Y. city as to our responsibility.  
**FOLMER & SCHWING MFG CO.**  
391 Broadway, NEW YORK.

**COOK'S TOURS.**

**FIFTY-FIRST YEAR.**  
**ALL TRAVELING EXPENSES INCLUDED.**  
Select, Personally-Conducted Parties, limited in numbers and First-Class as regards all Accommodation, leave America at frequent intervals for Europe, Egypt and Palestine, and Round the World.

Independent Tickets for all Parts of the World, by any Route.  
Illustrated Programmes and full Information Free, from  
**THOS. COOK & SON,**  
251 & 1225 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.  
International Tourist Agents to the World's Columbian Exposition, and Sole Passenger Agents to the British Royal Commission.



**EDEN MUSÉE,** 23d Street, near Broadway.

New Wax Groups Constantly Added.  
Grand Hungarian Band Concerts, Afternoon and Evening, by **Muncsi Lajos Orchestra.**

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A Great Success.

Cabinet of Phantoms. The Wonderful Illusion. **MAJILTON** In entirely new acts.  
Admission 50c. Children 25c.



**TORREY RAZORS**

Are sold under a **GUARANTEE** to shave the hardest beard with ease.

**TORREY STROPS**

Are recognized as **THE BEST** for sharpening Razors the world over. If the dealer will not supply you, DON'T take any other, but send for Catalogue—tells how to select, sharpen, and keep a Razor in order.

**J. R. TORREY RAZOR CO., P. O. Box 753 N. WORCESTER, MASS.**

**CANDY**

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

**C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,**  
212 State St., Chicago.

**SARATOGA SPRINGS.**  
**THE UNITED STATES**  
**A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL,**

Will Open JUNE 14 and  
Remain Open Until OCTOBER 1.  
TOMPKINS, GAGE & PERRY.



This Wine is Warranted Pure Juice of the Grape.  
**ERNEST C. VILLERÉ, SOLE AGENT,**  
15 Carondelet Street,  
New Orleans, La.  
ESTABLISHED 1867.

**THE PROBABLE REASON.**

**DOLLY.**—It seems strange that we don't hear of Charlie Bullion's engagement to Miss Flypp; she is continually throwing herself at his feet.

**CHOLLY.**—Yes, my dear boy; but you must remember that women can't throw straight.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"I WONDER why there is a rule against children in so many flats."

"Probably because there is n't room for them to grow."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Are you a lover of champagne? Do you wish a superior article? Try Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne. It is fine.

Indigestion. Disinfect. Take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

A Small  
Quantity of  
**Liebig Company's**  
**Extract of Beef**

Added to any Soup,  
Sauce or Gravy gives  
**Strength and Fine Flavor.**

Invaluable in Improved and Economic Cookery.  
Makes cheapest, purest and best Beef Tea.

# Business Happiness.

Stick to business—that's right—Attention to business is the first law of business—pity the business man who can't do business without sitting at the business desk ten or fifteen hours a day—he doesn't understand business—Good business is built on business judgment—business judgment is sense—business sense means dollars—business dollars and business clear-headedness go together—All indoors never made a man—nor will keep a man—Exercise of brain is well enough if exercise of body goes with it—Success now-a-days isn't in the amount of time work—it's in the volume of brain discretion—If the business man knew how easy it is to learn to bicycle—two or three half-hour lessons teach the art—how economical the bicycle is, nothing to pay for care—how delightful, how exhilarating, how strengthening, how brain-clearing—he would bicycle, and so would his wife, and his son, and his daughter—They'd all ride Columbias—there isn't a better machine than the Columbia—the thousands of Columbia riders don't believe there is any other so good—All about Columbias in a book about Columbias, elegantly illustrated, free at all Columbia agencies, or mailed for two two-cent stamps. Pope Mfg. Co., 221 Columbus Ave., Boston.

A FRIEND in need is a friend who generally strikes you for a quarter.—*Texas Siftings.*



**WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP**

For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 20 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. A Sample Cake and 125 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty, illustrated, on Skin, Scalp, Eruptions and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of 10c. also Disfigurements like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Indurated and Powder Marks, Scars, Pimples, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, &c., removed.

**JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE,**  
125 West 42nd Street, New York City.  
Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

**RED HAND ALLSOPP'S ALE.**  
BOTTLED BY THE BREWERS IN ENGLAND.  
**HIGHEST GRADE IMPORTED.**  
SOLD EVERYWHERE.  
New York Branch, 99 Pearl Street, E. L. ZELL, Agent.

**LOVELL DIAMOND CYCLES**  
For Ladies and Gents. Six styles in Pneumatic Cushion and Solid Tires.  
Diamond Frame, Steel Drop Forgings, Steel Tubing, Adjustable Ball Bearings to all running parts, including Pedals, Suspension Saddle.  
**Strictly HIGH GRADE in Every Particular.**  
Send 6 cents in stamps for our 100-page illustrated catalogue of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Sporting Goods, etc.  
**JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., Mfrs., 147 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.**

**\$85**

**SYLPH CYCLES RUN EASY**  
Perfection of cycle manufacture. Hollow tires good; spring frames better; Sylph combines both and is BEST; no need now to ride spring-less cycles or depend on tires alone for comfort. Sylph 3 part spring frame destroys vibration. Light, simple, strong. Catalogue free.  
**House-Drury Cycle Co., 66 G St., Peoria, Ill.**

**OLD CLOTHES MADE NEW.** We clean or dye the most delicate shade or fabric. No ripping required. Repair to order. Write for terms. We pay expressage both ways to any point in the U. S. **MCWEN'S STEAM DYE WORKS AND CLEANING ESTABLISHMENT, NASHVILLE, TENN.** Mention PUCK.  
**CUBAN CIGARS.** 3-inch, \$10 thousand; 4-inch, \$11; 5c. Perfecto, \$11. Sample box, by mail, 25 cents. Agents wanted.  
**J. AGUIERO, 50 Fulton St., New York.**



**Say Hires**  
**Do you Root**  
**Drink Beer?**

SOLD AND ENJOYED EVERYWHERE.

Price "Worth a Guinea a Box." 25c.

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

Dislodge Bile,  
Stir up the Liver,  
Cure Sick Headache,  
Female Ailments,  
Remove Disease and  
Promote Good Health.

Covered with a Tasteless and Soluble Coating.  
Famous the world over.

Ask for Beecham's and take no others.  
Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box.  
New York Depot, 365 Canal St.

**THE BISHOP & BABCOCK CO.,**  
Manufacturers of the LATEST IMPROVED



## BEER PUMPS

THE EUREKA No. 6.  
DOUBLE ACTING.

and all kinds of apparatus for Preserving  
and Drawing Lager Beer, Ale and Porter.  
Sales Room: 159 Centre St., N. Y.  
Manufacture, at Cleveland, O.  
Send for Large Illustrated Catalogue.



Exact Size.

Perfecto.

## HOTEL BRUNSWICK.

EQUAL TO ANY IMPORTED CIGAR. We prefer you should buy of your dealer; if he does not keep them, send \$1.00  
for sample box of 10, by mail, to JACOB STAHL, JR., & CO., 168th Street and 3rd Avenue, N. Y. City.



Avoided by using "Goldman's Advanced System" for Locating Errors  
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No change of Bookkeeping! Sent on Trial.  
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## YOU CAN MAKE \$4

PER DAY handling the fastest selling  
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OVER A MILLION SOLD IN PHILADELPHIA.  
No matter where you reside, everybody needs it.  
Write to-day, enclosing stamp, and we will mail you  
FREE SAMPLE and full particulars, which will  
enable you to commence work at once. Address,  
W. H. WILLIAMSON, 44 N. 4th St., Philada., Pa.

## CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGAR.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

America's Favorite Ten-cent Cigar.

FOR SALE BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS EVERYWHERE.  
Factory, 406 & 408 E. 59th St., New York.

## WHEEL CHAIRS

for INVALIDS

To propel one's self, or  
comfortably, easily and  
Catalogue with cut  
sizes sent for stamp, to



and CRIPPLES.

to be pushed about in,  
of the reliable sort.  
prices of all styles and  
any given address.

SMITH WHEEL CHAIR CONCERN, 120 William St., New York.  
Mention Puck in your letter when you write.

### A LIVING TESTIMONY.

OLD SOAK.—Excuse me, sir (*hic*); but would  
you be kind enough to help a poor man to get  
something to eat?

STRANGER.—Why don't you stop drinking  
and save your money? then you would n't be  
poor.

OLD SOAK.—Sir, I was n't always poor (*hic*).  
I had a fortune once (*hic*); but I spent it on the  
gold cure.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

### HOW TO GET RICH ON WALL STREET.

JUNIOR.—Here is an order from Mrs. Peter-  
kin-Smythe, father.

SENIOR.—Really? Clever woman, Mrs. Peter-  
kin-Smythe. We must do whatever we can to  
oblige her.

JUNIOR.—She wishes us to purchase one  
thousand shares of J. T. & W. on her account  
at 75 and sell it at 90, and send her a check for  
the profits by twelve o'clock to-day.—*Harper's  
Bazar.*



## NHEUSER-BUSCH

## BREWING ASS'N.

The First Brewery to introduce

## PASTEURIZED BOTTLED BEER IN AMERICA

BREWERS OF FINE BEER EXCLUSIVELY.

Their Beer has never been reached in quality and has the largest Sale of Bottled Beer in the world to-day.  
ANHEUSER-BUSCH Brewery never use Corn or Corn Preparations as a substitute for Malt  
and Hops, and its sale to-day is the Largest of any brewery in the world.  
Their motto is "Not how cheap but how good."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE less a man amounts to the prouder he is of his an-  
cestors being big people.—*Ram's Horn.*

## TO EXPEL SCROFULA

from the system,  
take

## AYER'S Sarsaparilla

the standard  
blood-purifier and  
tonic. It

Cures Others  
will cure you.

## STUDY LAW AT HOME.

TAKE A COURSE IN THE  
SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE  
SCHOOL OF LAW. (Incorporated.)

Send ten cents (stamps) for  
particulars to

J. COTNER, JR., Secy.  
DETROIT, MICH.  
659 WHITNEY BLOCK.



## HIGHAM BAND INSTRUMENTS

Cost no more than other high grades,  
but are

INCOMPARABLY SUPERIOR.

If you want the best you must have the HIGHAM.  
We gladly send them on trial in competition. Used by  
the British Army and the world's leading bands every-  
where. Send for free illustrated HIGHAM CATALOGUE. Also the Cam-  
paign edition of our General Band Catalogue, containing everything used by  
bands, and illustrated by 400 superb engravings, will be sent free upon request.  
LYON & HEALY, 152 to 162 State St., CHICAGO.

## DETECTIVES

Wanted in every county to act in the Secret Service under  
instructions from Capt. Grannan, ex-Chief Detectives of Cin-  
cinnati. Experience not necessary. Established 11 years. Particu-  
lars free. Address Grannan Detective Bureau Co. 44 Ar-  
cade, Cincinnati, O. The methods and operations of this Bureau  
investigated and found lawful by United States Government.

## BOKER'S BITTERS.

The Oldest and Best of All STOMACH BITTERS,  
and as fine a cordial as ever made. To be had in Quarts and Pints.  
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.  
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

## HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE.

Nos. 31, 33, 35 & 37 East Houston St.,  
BRANCH, N. E. cor. William & Spruce Sts., NEW YORK.

## SMOKE TANSILL'S PUNCH 5c. CIGAR.

30 YEARS THE STANDARD.

TINCTURE OF ANARCHY—Beer.—*Texas Siftings.*

## RAMBLER BICYCLES,

FITTED WITH

THE CELEBRATED

## G. & J. PNEUMATIC TIRE.

"ACME OF COMFORT."

Catalogue Free.

## Gormully & Jeffery Mfg Co.

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178 Columbus Ave., 1925 14th St. N. W.,  
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## "AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD,"

## NEW YORK CENTRAL

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TRUNK LINE.



Reaching by its through cars the most import-  
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Canada, and the greatest of America's Health  
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## Direct Line to NIAGARA FALLS

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All trains arrive at and depart from GRAND  
CENTRAL STATION, 4th Ave. and 42d St.,  
New York, centre of Hotel and Residence section.

ONLY RAILROAD STATION IN NEW YORK.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—Send for a can. See advts.



# KODAK

14 Styles and Sizes for 1892.

THE "Daylight"

CAN BE LOADED ANY WHERE AT TIME.

THE EASTMAN CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

# KODAK

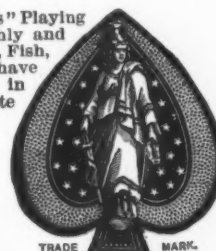


"SPORTSMAN'S" is one of forty brands of "UNITED STATES" Playing Cards. They are made from linen stock, are double enameled, highly and evenly finished, and have beautiful and appropriate backs—Deer, Dog, Fish, Pheasant, etc. The cards are very elastic, gauged to thickness, and have unusual dealing and wearing qualities. They are in constant use in sportsmen's clubs everywhere and no outfit is considered complete without a dozen packs.

Ask your dealer for Sportsman's and insist upon having this brand.

THE UNITED STATES PRINTING CO., THE RUSSELL & MORGAN FACTORIES, CINCINNATI, O.

Send thirty-five (35) cents in stamps and get in return a sample pack of Sportsman's and "The Card Player's Companion," a book of popular games and how to play them.



NEVER tell an editor how to run his paper. Let the poor devil find it out himself.—*Texas Siftings*.

If any boat can shoot the rapids successfully we should think it would be the gunboat.—*Texas Siftings*.

**Barbers' Bar Soap**

IS SO EXTENSIVELY USED AS A FAMILY TOILET SOAP.

We are putting it up in Cakes, both ROUND AND SQUARE—SIX IN A POUND PACKAGE—ALSO IN SOLID POUND BARS, AS FORMERLY.

PLEASE READ THE INSIDE CIRCULAR.

MARCH, 1884. J. B. WILLIAMS & CO.

To protect the public from COUNTERFEITS or IMITATIONS of our **BARBERS' BAR SOAP**, we have obtained a Copyright for our Show Cards and Box Labels, and have also secured the unexpired "Trade Mark."

Except the addition of our Trade Mark to the labels



Pound Package (6 cakes) WILLIAMS' famous BARBERS' SOAP for TOILET USE.

## 3 Months' Comfort for 40c.

The enormous sale of WILLIAMS' BARBERS' SOAP for TOILET purposes is the best evidence of the truth of the claim we make for it—Namely:

No TOILET SOAP ever offered to the American people is so softening, comforting and healing; so economical and yet so delightful; so universally popular whenever tried.

**SHAMPOO** with this famous Soap, and know the absolute freedom from the annoyance caused by an itching, irritated, inflamed scalp. This Soap acts like cool cream. It softens the scale, cleanses the head of dandruff, quiets the feverish tendency, and insures permanent relief from the greatest cause of thin, falling hair and Baldness.

Ask your Barber for a package. Your druggist also keeps it—or we mail it to you for price in stamps—40c. for 6 cakes.

The J. B. WILLIAMS CO. Glastonbury Conn. U. S. A. Makers of the renowned Genuine "YANKER" Shaving Soap.

R. H. **MACY** & CO.  
13th to 14th St.  
6th Ave. N. Y.



DISCRIMINATING AND INTELLIGENT SHOPPERS ASSERT DAILY AT OUR COUNTERS THAT THE ASSORTMENT WE EXHIBIT OF PRINTED INDIA TWIST WARP SILK IS LARGER, THE DESIGNS NEATER AND

PRETTIER, AND THAT OUR PRICE IS 31 CENTS PER YARD LOWER THAN SIMILAR GOODS CAN BE HAD ELSEWHERE. THE INVARIABLE PRICE IN OTHER STORES IS \$1.00.

WE SELL THIS SILK AT..... **.69c.**

5,000 YARDS 24 INCH PRINTED PONGEE, ALL BLACK GROUNDS, WITH TWO BEAUTIFUL FIVE-OLOR DESIGNS..... **.49c.**

WE SHALL CONTINUE OUR GREAT SALE OF WASH SILKS, WHITE GROUNDS WITH A VARIETY OF BEAUTIFUL STRIPES, GENERALLY SOLD AT \$1.25..... **.84c.**

ALSO AN ATTRACTIVE SALE OF CREAM WHITE JAPANESE HABUTAI SILK, SO APPROPRIATE FOR GRADUATING DRESSES. A REAL BARGAIN.

**49, 59, 69, 88 and 99c.**

A MAN must go back to his ancestors when they do not come forward to him.—*Texas Siftings*.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

## DON'T TOBACCO SPIT YOUR LIFE AWAY.

is the title of a little book—tells about NOTOBAC, the harmless guaranteed cure for the TOBACCO HABIT in every form. It costs but a trifle and the man who wants to quit and CAN'T had better send for it to-day. Mailed free. THE ESTERLING REMEDY CO., Box 290, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind. 504

## BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.



A DELICIOUS REMEDY FOR ALL FORMS OF INDIGESTION.

1-3 of an ounce of Pure Pepsin mailed on receipt of 25c.

CAUTION—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.

Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it cannot be obtained from Dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 27 Lake St., Cleveland, O. 403\* ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

**E. J. Denning & Co.,**

SUCCESSORS TO A. T. STEWART & CO. (Retail),

## FURS

STORED and INSURED against

**FIRE and MOTH** AT REASONABLE CHARGES.

Alterations or repairs made during Summer months at low rates.

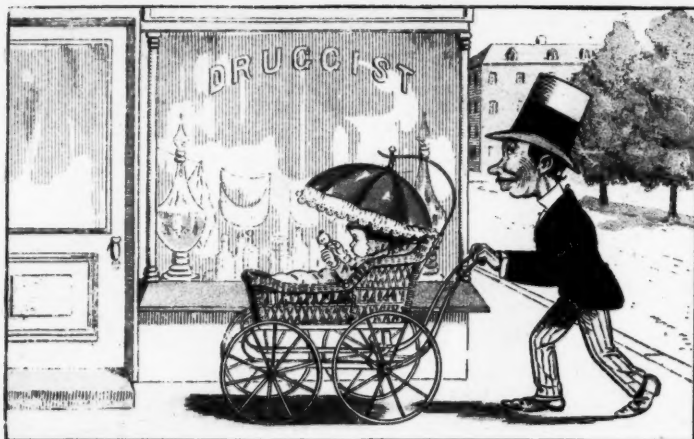
Broadway, 4th Avenue, 9th and 10th Sts.

A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER.

DETECTIVE.—Keep an eye on that woman, while I go for help. She's a shoplifter.

FLOORWALKER.—How do you know?

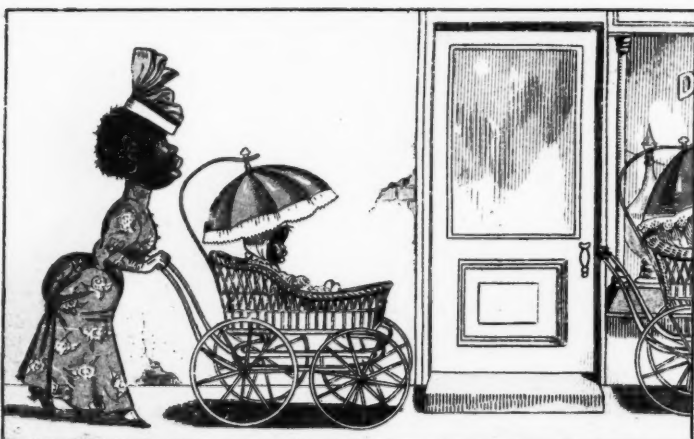
DETECTIVE.—She buys.—*New York Weekly*.



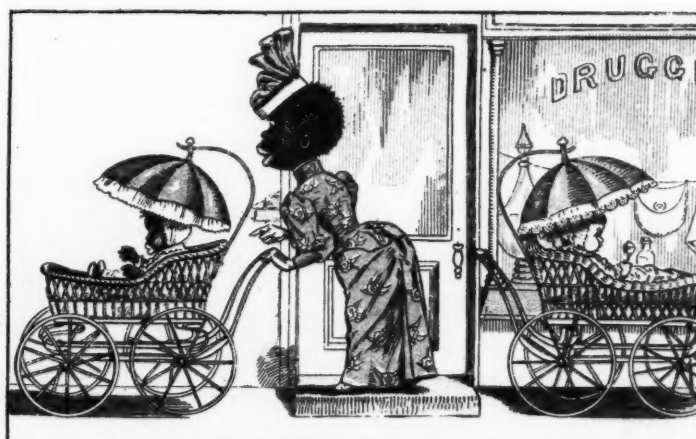
Mr. Henry Joralemon Remsen Mabie  
Of Brooklyn went out one day with Baby.



He stopped for a bottle of anti-croup,  
And left the infant beside the stoop.



Mrs. Martha Washington Mokeby Coon  
Was out with her baby that afternoon.



On a similar errand to that same store,  
And left her offspring outside the door.



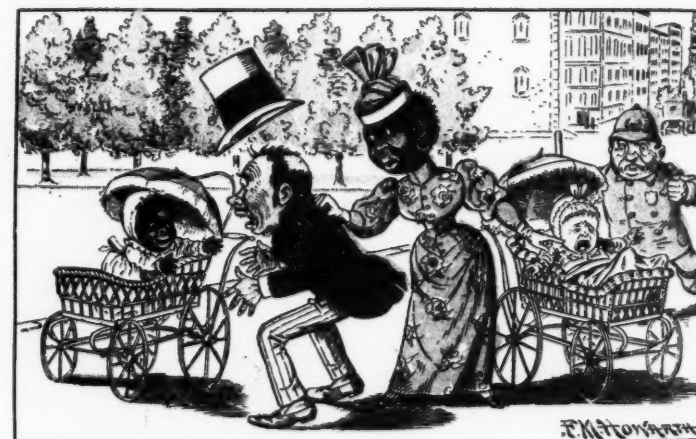
His errand accomplished, Mr. Mabie  
Started to finish his walk with Baby;



And, being in Brooklyn, he could n't see why  
Folks should stare and titter as he went by.



But still, he was glad, as he looked behind,  
He'd not trusted his kid to a nurse to mind.



Yet when she came up, he was glad to arrange  
For a perfectly fair and square exchange.